

1969

H&S scene

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Our man in Havana

On an Eastern Airlines DC-8 from Atlanta approaching Miami, the "Fasten Seat Belts" light had already flashed on, when Dick Skelly, Miami MAS consultant, heard the man seated next to him tell two companions nearby: "It's time to go."

One stood up in the aisle and held a gun on the stewardess. Another waved a pistol to show the passengers he was armed. Dick asked his seat mate, as calmly as he could, "Are you going to take us on a trip?"

The leader of the trio told him firmly, "Cool it, man." So Dick cooled it. In fact, he had the next 18 hours to cool his heels because his aircraft became one more in the long line of planes hijacked to Cuba.

During their extended trip, Dick and his fellow passengers on Eastern's Flight 121 were by turns nervous and bored. One passenger, who said he was a Texan and knew how to shoot, tried to grab the hijackers' luggage to find another gun. Fortunately he was restrained before panic broke out. An elderly woman passenger behind Dick did not really know what was happening. She looked out the window as the plane was landing and exclaimed: "My, Miami looks pretty at night!"

Dick merely said, "Ma'am, I've been flying into Miami for ten years and that down there is not Miami." As the meaning of Dick's reply dawned upon her, the woman's eyes opened wide in astonishment.

To some people, hijacking is an adventure. To others it is an inconvenience. But to Dick it was an opportunity to compare Cuba today with the Cuba he had visited many times before Fidel Castro came to power.

The plane landed in Havana about 10:30 at night. Dick said that marked the start of what seemed to him like calculated harassment of the passengers. For an hour and a half after landing, they were kept waiting at the airport and told nothing of what was to be done with them or when they could leave. At midnight, Cuban officials offered them ham and cheese sandwiches with orange juice. The meal, Dick said, was hardly appetizing.

Then came a two-hour wait. At 2 a.m. the passengers were herded aboard buses for a weary ride to the former Varadero Beach Hotel, renamed now for heroes of the revolution. Dick called Varadero "once the most beautiful beach in the Caribbean."

After a short rest, the passengers were aroused at 8 a.m., offered ham and cheese sandwiches again, then were left to wait in uncertainty. During their enforced inactivity, Dick said, they observed a large number of Russians and Chinese at the resort area, but the forced visitors were not permitted to enjoy its pleasures.

At 12:30 in the afternoon they were offered a greasy fried chicken lunch and then were told to get ready to leave. Finally, at 2 p.m., the group boarded buses and were driven to the airport.

Two propeller planes waited to transport the DC-8 passengers to Miami. The Castro government had contended that the runway at Havana's airport is too small to allow a fully loaded jet to take off. All planes, scheduled or not, pay landing and other airport fees, which help to bolster the hard-pressed island economy. Recently, however, fully loaded jets have been permitted to leave from Havana.

By the time they were back at the airport, Dick and his fellow passengers were more than ready to leave. At the last minute, though, Cuban officials said a hotel key was missing and no plane could leave till all the keys had been accounted for.

By 3 p.m., nearly 18 hours after the episode began, Dick was on his way home. Awaiting him at H&S in Miami was a schedule that included a trip to Orlando within a few days. He wondered if he should drive this time.



Getting away from it all

A fly rod, a sleeping bag...and working papers. No tie. No suit. Not exactly all standard equipment for the usual H&S audit, but those were part of the "essentials" Richard W. Denman, senior accountant in the Salt Lake City Office, packed for his field trip to Rico Argentine Mining Company's site in Rico, Colorado.

Rico, which mines and mills lead and zinc ores into concentrates, is high in the Rocky Mountains, 88 miles northeast of the mesa district where Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico meet. The first lap of Dick's trip to the site was by plane, the second by car.

"The beauty of the countryside and the contrast of coming out of the mountains to the high plateau country of the Four Corners area are so marvelous that no one could ever put them in words," Dick says.

He did more than just admire the unspoiled wild and breathtaking scenery around the little mining town. As on an earlier trip, he put part of the "essential" gear—the fishing rod—to good use before and after working hours. And he enjoyed his catch of trout later at home in Salt Lake City. "Each day before work," he explains, "I took that morning's and the previous night's catches to the mine superintendent's wife, who wrapped them individually and put them in her freezer. When I was finished and ready to start home I packed the fish and they held very nicely until I returned to Salt Lake. I have carried them wrapped in my work bag, but they made some of the work papers rather fishy so I had to stop that."

Of another "essential"—a sleeping bag—Dick explains that for many years our representatives slept on Army cots at the rear of the mine office or in an old hotel reopened for the occasion.

But on his last trip, neither was available; so he took a sleeping bag and camped on the bank of the rushing Dolores River.

Fortunately, the trips are made at the end of June, the company's fiscal year end. But even during summer months, when days are warm and comfortable at the 10,000-ft. elevation, the nights are cold and damp. So Dick thoroughly appreciated the quilted comfort and added insulation of the sleeping bag.

In addition to praising the plentiful fish and the scenic beauty of the country, Dick says that the people of Rico are the "warmest and the truest and the kindest" he knows.



Jack Crawford's magic carpet

The letter read: "Dear Mr. Crawford, Thank you for coming and telling us about Araubi. I think that all the things you tell us will make the mark on the test we will have go up."

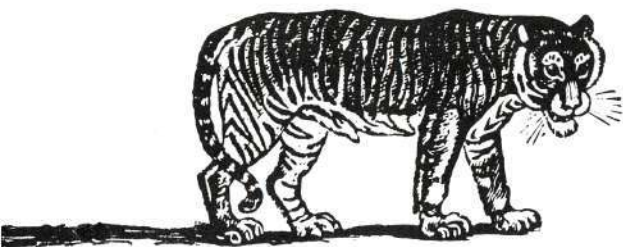
It was one of 28 appreciative letters from the fourth grade at Allendale-Hillside (N.J.) School to E.O. partner John M. Crawford. With slides and souvenirs and stories gathered in five trips to Saudi Arabia on the Arabian American Oil Company engagement, Mr. Crawford told the class about Arab life and answered their enthusiastic questions. He appeared by invitation of his fourth-grade son, Mark.

The letters, on blue-lined school paper with lightly drawn margins left and right, indicated that Mr. Crawford had succeeded in lifting social studies out of the dry and dusty textbook realm as effectively as if he'd transported the group by magic carpet to a bazaar in far-off Riyadh.

Or as other letters put it: "I liked the pictures of their supper markets... I liked the stuff you brang in... I also liked that knife... It was funny when you dressed Trica in the Arabian clothes and tried the hats on us."

Some implied they were grateful for the esthetic distance between the reality and themselves: "Your slides gave us an understanding of what their life is like. I was amazed at the sight of flies all over the man... You helped us visulize how it realy is. It whas very interesting.... I am glad I do not have to live there."

Whatever reservations they had about life in the Middle East oil-rich kingdom, however, their approval of the man who'd been there seemed whole-hearted: "You used lots of film in Arabia. Thank you for sorting them out for us. I think you're very brave to talk in front of the class."



Of races—pennant and human

In the early weeks of the 1969 baseball season, it's anybody's ball game. But hope springs most fervently in the heart of a Saint Louis Cardinal fan, still smarting because of the defeat snatched from the jaws of victory in the 1968 World Series.

Despite that, says Olney F. Otto, Saint Louis partner and Cardinal fan, his team will win the National League pennant again in 1969. Asked about the Detroit Tigers' 1969 prospects in the American League, Mr. Otto said, "I hope the Tigers win because the people of Detroit really appreciate victory. It appeared that they *needed* the 1968 World Series victory—to bring back a measure of pride to the city (after the outbursts of racial violence). I say this because I was there. And I was so impressed with the Detroit victory celebration that I wrote my impressions to the *Detroit News*."

The big daily newspaper featured Mr. Otto's letter under a four-column headline on page 3. He wrote:

"I saw something in downtown Detroit on October 10, 1968.

"I saw something that took me back 25 years—to the days of our common purpose in World War II.

"I saw how it could be.

"I saw a unified city—blacks, whites and all other colors—with a common happiness, an unbelievable warmth for each other.

"An individual's eyes would catch the eyes of other individuals and as they did they gave affectionate recognition to one another.

"They followed this up with words ('We did it') and signs (the two-fingered victory designation) and all sorts of courtesies the like of which are seen only in the smallest of our American towns. . . Every face had a smile.

"Blacks and whites, whites and whites, and whites and blacks were shaking hands and slapping each other on the back.

"People were drinking beer and champagne in the streets. . .

"There was no rain in sight, but I saw a man with an umbrella . . . The man, who was dressed like an executive . . . was obviously one of the happiest in the crowd. He said, 'This is my lucky umbrella. I was out at that rainy game Sunday, and I have been carrying it ever since. It brought us through.'

"One beautiful young girl asked me to join her in a dance on top of her car. I was happy but too old for that. . .

"I went back to my hotel. In the elevator I encountered several well-dressed couples heading for dinner. One said, 'Why can't it be like this all the time? Why do we have to hate?' . . .

"I saw something more than a baseball victory celebration, however. I saw something that gives me hope for the racial situation. I saw how it could be.

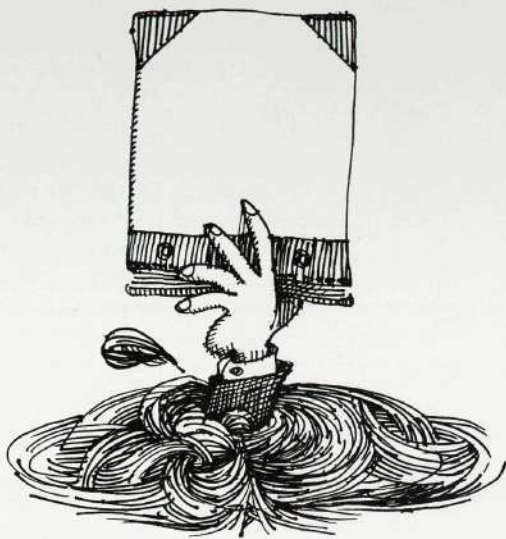
"The ironic part of the whole thing from my point of view was that I was drawn into this celebration even though I am from Saint Louis and am an avid Saint Louis baseball fan. After going through this experience, I was sincerely glad that the Tigers won. And if Bob Gibson or Curt Flood could have seen what I saw, I almost believe they would feel the same way.

"I saw something I will never forget. I saw how it could be."

Edward P. Morgan in his syndicated newspaper column, which originates in Washington, quoted from Mr. Otto's letter. Mr. Morgan saw it as an indication of the "big difference a little change of heart could make" in the "bitter twilight" of racial tension and lack of continuing opportunity for black athletes.

Mr. Otto says the letters of reaction that he and the *Detroit News* have received expressed gratitude for an outsider's ability to see and write that the good in Detroit predominated, and that the people of the city had a reason for civic pride beyond their understandable pride in a world champion baseball team.

For his own part Mr. Otto is now looking at the 1969 pennant race and forward to a time when "race" will not matter.



In-depth analysis

As George Liang, senior accountant in San Juan, was concentrating on an inventory observation at a new client's sugar mill, he stepped on what appeared to be a muddy patch of ground and became absorbed in something he hadn't counted on.

He was sinking slowly in a black, sticky morass while his assistant, Lorenzo Santiago, cast about frantically for a rescue device. As the astonished George was nearing neck level, still sinking—and still holding the test count papers high above his head—his six-foot, 200-pound colleague found a length of iron pipe, extended it to George's free hand and pulled him to safety.

Though out of immediate danger, George looked like Br'er Rabbit after his encounter with the Tar Baby. He had stepped into a six-foot deep molasses residue pit, a dirt-topped, totally black area containing molasses, waste materials and assorted chemicals. It had looked as solid as the ground around it.

George's clothes and shoes were a total loss. So while he began the painful task of removing the sticky molasses from himself, Lorenzo went into town to buy George some new clothes. The client, Cooperativa Azucarera Central Juncos, gladly paid for the clothes and hurriedly erected a safety fence around the pit.

George was understandably shaken, but within the hour he was back on the job. It took him slightly longer to join in the laughter.

Philadelphia story

What happens when two accountants who are also husband and wife are assigned to a bank audit together?

"Thoughts of 'Bonnie and Clyde' passed through our minds as we waited in the parking lot for the moment to enter," said Ron and Leanne Belletti of H&S Philadelphia. It was about a month after the wedding that they were sent to audit a small branch bank in New Jersey with Ron as the in-charge and Leanne as his assistant.

"We tried to keep our relationship a secret," Leanne said, "but several of the clients' people guessed."

What was the reaction then?

"Favorable," Leanne replied.

Ron Belletti and the former Leanne Shaw were introduced at the office in 1967 by principal Frank Krupinski, now in the Sao Paulo, Brazil office. Ron had just rejoined the staff after Army duty, including 15 months in Vietnam. Leanne had been with H&S as an intern and then full time after graduating from Susquehanna University in 1966.

"Our first date was the annual office

dinner-dance in November of 1967," Leanne recalled. "We were married July 6, 1968. Two days later, we found ourselves at a staff training session. It was all due to our lack of foresight in planning our vacation."

When they did take their honeymoon they went to Atlantic City, carrying along one tax and one cost book the week before the start of the office CPA review course.

"Several months of reading and studying later," Leanne said, "we walked into the CPA exam to find ourselves seated at the same small table. Before the first session began, however, a proctor calling the roll moved Ron to another table."

Leanne resigned from H&S Philadelphia last September to concentrate on studying for the CPA exam before looking for another job, probably in industry.

"It didn't take us long to discover that two public accountants in one very small family are a little too much," she observed a bit ruefully. □

